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This magnificent and elegantly appointed hotel will be open for the reception of guests June 25th. The hotel is complete in all its appointments, contains 200 rooms (40 suits with private baths), elevator, electric bells, and every convenience for the comfort of guests who desire the advantage of pure mountain air and surroundings and avoid the expense and discomfort of protracted railroad travel. The hotel is of brick, six stories in height, commanding an unobstructed and charming view, and but two minutes' walk from the Netherwood station.

Delightful drives and stabling.

Now open for inspection and engagements.

Reduced rates.

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## SUMMER RESORTS.

## CAMPOBELLO ISLAND,

SEASON OF 1883.

The hotels of the Campobello Company, "THE OWEN" and "TYN-Y-COED," will be opened for the season in the latter part of June, and will be under the same management as last year.

Since the closing of last season many improvements have been made, that will greatly add to the already superlative comforts at this unique watering place.

The season of 1882 was a great success, and so many people were unable to get rooms that a new dormitory has been built near Tyn-y-coed, to which it will be a pleasant annex.

It has been constructed under the supervision of Cummings A. Sears, contains sixty-four rooms and will be furnished in the same attractive way as the others. Extensive water views, abundant sunshine, and open fires on every hand, pure spring water and good drainage, are the features here secured.

Comfortable carriages, village carts, wagonettes, and well-equipped saddle horses will be supplied.

The steamer Emmet has been secured, and will be used for ferry service only.

Steam launches, rowboats, canoes, and some of the famous Quoddy sailboats will always be at the command of guests.

## MAN-OF-WAR NECK,

Composing about eight hundred acres, has been plotted and divided into cottage lots of various sizes. These lots, as well as many others, are now offered. Nearly all of those offered last season have been sold.

Applications for board may be made to

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RICHFIELD SPRINGS, N. Y.,

OPEN SATURDAY, JUNE, 16TH.

Its well known standard of excellence will be fully maintained.

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Applications for rooms should be addressed to W. H. De Vinnie, Gilsey House, N. Y., until June 10th.

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This new and elegant hotel will open for the season about June 15. Fine boating, bathing, fishing and driving. Send for circular.

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VOL. I. JUNE 21ST, 1883. NO. 25.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday, \$5 a year in advance, postage free. Single copies, 10 cents.

Subscribers leaving town for the summer may have their copies forwarded by sending their summer address in full to this office.

AT this time of year enthusiasm bubbles at West Point over a number of young men and brass buttons. The young men have been schooled for four years at the National expense, and now, assuming the brass buttons at that of their trustful tailor, go forth with flashing eyes and proud hearts to draw \$125 a month from Government. It is naturally a gorgeous and satisfactory moment. With his abundant breast bone tricked out with burnished metal and hung with golden fiddlestrings, the graduated cadet grasps the important sheepskin which entitles him to a position upon his country's scroll of honor and pay roll. He feels very large. He glances with polite contempt at the simply garbed civilian, and for the youth who has no military ambition feels a scornful pity which no words can express. He is adored by the soft sex and condescends to ask the fairest of the blushing multitude to share with him the glory and luxury of one room in the Texan post to which he is ordered. Well, well! The time is soon over. The glory fleeth like a shadow and continueth not. The most lenient of tailors must be paid, and sparkling clothing costs a great deal of money. When the young man goes to Texas he finds there are one or two things in military life which he is yet to learn. Leaves of absence from Texas are not as thick as leaves in Val Ombrosa. The vows of Flirtation Walk have gone where all good vows go. The girl whom he condescended to love is acting queerly. She writes more briefly and at longer intervals. Anon she writes not at all. One day he gets a thick envelope—square—crisp—polished. He opens it with strange forebodings. Horror! She has married the despised plain-coated civilian whose only recommendation was that he was a good business man and made money!

LIFE has the kindest wishes for the graduates. It bids them god-speed on their way. Theirs is to be a hard life. Let it be an honorable one. There is little glory in soldiering, these piping times. At best it is making a large parade with little money. But let the petty duties be done well. Let there be less draw-poker and more Upton—more Benét and less whiskey. Even though the red opportunity of war is not at hand to lift him to sudden glory, there is something better expected of each young warrior than polishing brass buttons and making love.

THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should discipline those hard-hearted Congressmen who sent negro cadets to West Point. There is no more use in trying to force color upon the Academy, than in the endeavor to foist it upon

society. We have had too much mawkish sentiment over the negro. Socially he is not a success. He moves not in the haughty and exclusive coteries of the gilded world, except with a napkin over his arm, nor is he fitted to move there. It has taken several million years of Darwinian culture to evolve manhood from monkeyhood. It will take nearly as many to bring the colored ranks up to the Caucasian standard. It is to be regretted—but it cannot be helped. The position of a colored cadet at West Point or Annapolis is anomalous. His lot is a hard one. He is ostracized from intercourse with his fellows, and all the amendments ever made to the Constitution cannot force his brother cadets to recognize him as their peer. Should he graduate, his trials are certain to be more severe. Negro troops will not respect him—white troops will despise him. His life at a frontier post will be one of absolute isolation. We have had enough examples of negro efficiency as officers of the regular army. Flippers are failures. As a human being the negro is the equal of the white man. He has equal rights in a court of justice. But no law, human or divine, will ever force his social recognition, and any attempt to do it can only entail upon him an amount of suffering which he should better be spared. Tar and water do not mix well.

\* \* \*

OUR highly esteemed contemporary, the *New York Herald*, published recently the following London cablegram:

A STOLEN JOKE.

*Punch*, which never is remarkable for a superabundance of wit, has this week coolly adopted from an American journal of caricature a joke at the expense of the fashionable British snob. He remarks to an American belle: "Aw! aw! It must be very unpleasant for you Americans to be governed by people, aw, whom you wouldn't ask to dinner." To which she promptly replies: "Well, not more so, perhaps, than for you in England to be governed by people who wouldn't ask you to dinner."

The joke in question was, in a moment of abstraction, absorbed by our highly esteemed contemporary, *Punch*, from our issue of April 26th, where it originally appeared in this form:

CARRYING THE WAR INTO AFRICA.

*Visiting Briton*: Ya-as, Miss Wosalind—but your politicians—aw—are a lot of blawsted cads, y'know. You are—aw—wuled by a set of wiotous wascals whom you wouldn't dweam of—aw—inviting to your house.

*Rosalind*: True; but in England you are governed by persons who wouldn't dream of inviting you to theirs.

Our esteemed contemporary, the *Herald*, is mistaken when it accuses our esteemed contemporary, *Punch*, of stealing the joke. There never has been any necessity for our esteemed contemporary, *Punch*, to state that real jokes in its columns were not original. The fact of this joke being bright was sufficient evidence that it originally appeared elsewhere. The *Herald* has wronged *Punch*.

\* \* \*

IF "Ex-Judge" H. W. Leonard and "lawyer" Abram Marks cannot satisfactorily prove that they undertook the case of releasing the insane millionaire from Flushing at the instance of



rightful heirs, they should be disbarred from legal practice in this State. The suspicion is strong that they entered upon the action with the hopes that the insane man's family would buy them off, in order to avoid the painful publicity of their misfortune, and that, failing in this, they pushed it for the advertising which would accrue. It is alleged they have other similar cases in hand. They represent no heirs so far as is known. If they did they would avow it. It is the duty of a judge to see that innocent persons are not persecuted in his court by sharpers whose only aim is to extort money, and whose means in so doing, are disgraceful to the legal profession and pernicious to society at large.

\* \* \*

THE Western opinion of the Reverend Roderick Terry is gracefully expressed in the following head-lines from our esteemed contemporary, the *Virginia City Chronicle* of the 6th instant:—A SNOB IN THE PULPIT—A FASHIONABLE PREACHER ON PEOPLE WHO WORK—THE NEW YORK *Sun* BLISTERS THE SNIFFLING IGNORAMUS—AN ASTONISHING EXHIBITION OF SNOBBERY IN A CHRISTIAN MINISTER.

\* \* \*

GENERAL CROOK is a sensible and modest Indian hunter. He knows his game. In pursuing it he keeps his own counsel, cuts off his communication with meddlesome head-quarters, and does his own thinking. His splendid success shows that he is fully capable of conducting an Indian campaign without advice from distinguished gentlemen in Washington, who do not know a war-whoop from a hair-lariat, but who, nevertheless, undertake the direction of frontier generals while a war is in progress. General Crook can safely be let alone.

\* \* \*

THE absolute depravity of cyclones was evinced last Wednesday. The one which passed over Long Island actually invaded the Stewart Estate. Another is said to be making ready for Mr. Tilden's campaign. This last, however, is a very small, vest-pocket cyclone.

#### THE LITTLE PEACH.

A LITTLE peach in an orchard grew  
Of emerald hue—so rare.  
Our baby on that peach did chew  
And climbed the golden stair.

#### OUR GEORGIE.

HE wears a golden hoople on his head,  
On little golden apples he is fed.  
We guess that he is happier now he's dead.  
He's buried in a coffin painted red.

Some wings have sprouted on his collar button,  
And silvered robes our little boy has put on.  
He died because he was a little glutton,  
And his name was George Augustus William

SUTTEN.

POUGHKEEPSIE, June 15th.

To the Editor of LIFE.

WILL you please decide a controversy? Are the stars above us by day as well as by night?

VASSAR.

THEY are. Scientifically speaking, the parhelion azimuth of the solstitial nadir is diametrically convergent to the cycloidal diaphragm in *Ursa Major* [the asymptotes of which are in correlative oscuration with the parallax co-ordinate of the isocles cosine squared by the inferential tangent of the logarithm of Alioth], and therefore, as Herschel demonstrated, are really the hypotenuse isomerism of equatorial declination, and clearly *not* the antipodes of alt-azimuth diameter, so to speak, or yet the syngizies of centripetal diverge from circumpolar parabolas. We like such questions. They improve the mind.

CINCINNATI, June 14th.

To the Editor of LIFE.

WHY do we drinkers knock our glasses together?

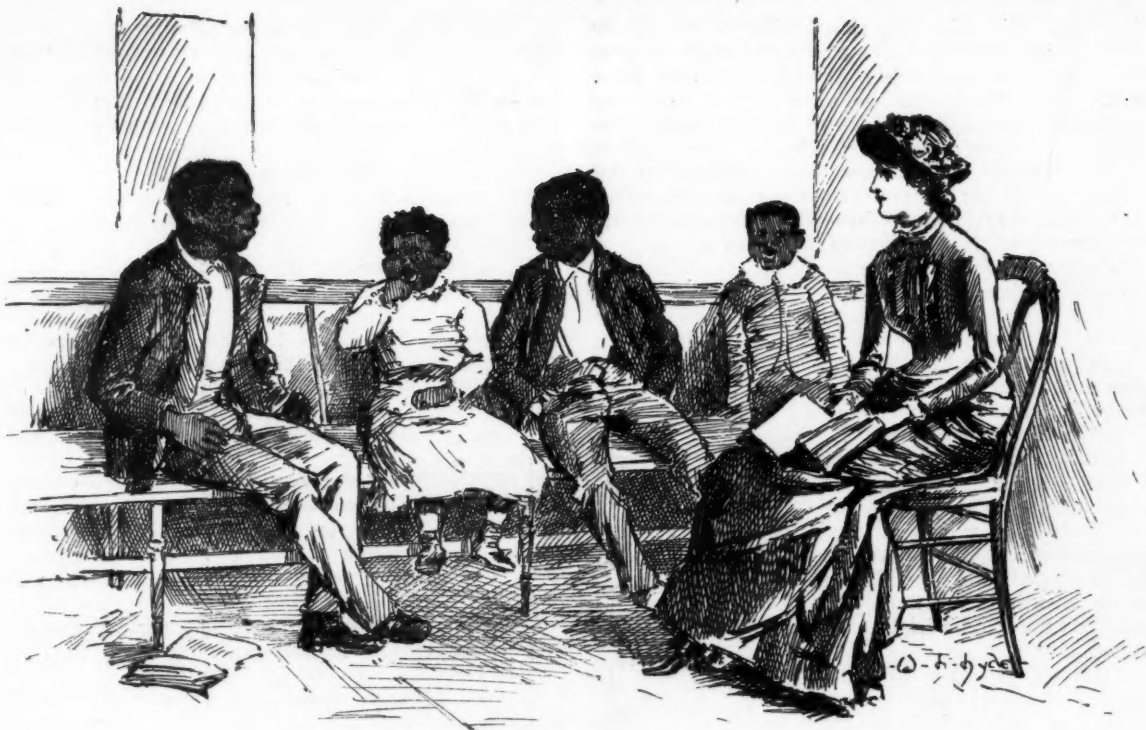
H. D. B.

It is an ancient custom, gentle sot. It began in time of the Borgias, and was intended to show that the wine was not poisoned—the host mixing his wine with that of his guest. But why inquire? Why, after knocking your glasses, do you, at 2 A.M., make love to a lamp-post? Why do you drop a nickel into the letter-box, and then wait for the red light in the distant drug store to come up? Why do you try to unlock your door with the butt end of a cigar? Why the uncomfortable habit of going to bed on the floor, with one boot on? Let us not ask.



#### A RECOGNITION.

HELLO! BILLY.  
HELLO! TOM.



### THE DEVIL!

*Fair Teacher (not a philosopher of the new school):* YES, SAMBO; THE DEVIL IS EVERYWHERE, ALWAYS TEMPTING YOU TO DO WRONG.

*Sambo:* IS HE EVERYWHAR, MISS?

*F. T.:* YES, SAMBO.

*S.:* IN DIS YER ROOM?

*F. T.:* YES.

*S.:* ON DIS YER BENCH?

*F. T.:* YES.

*S.:* IN MY POCKET?

*F. T.:* YES.

*S.:* WELL I GUESS I GOT YER DERE, MISS, COS I AINT GOT NO POCKET.

### HOW IT WAS DONE.

OF the weather we talked and it seemed to her cloudy;  
From the breakers she feared we were soon to have rain.  
And the beach at low tide was excessively rowdy,  
So perhaps it were well to walk homeward again.

"What to me," said I, seizing her hand, "is the weather?  
What the foam of the sea, what the turn of the tide.  
Through the breakers of life let us put out together,  
On the deep of eternity drift side by side?"

In my passionate grasp not a finger that fluttered!  
With her eyes ever fixed on the storm-brooding main.  
Only this the sweet, tremulous word that she uttered:  
"After all, I believe I shall not mind the rain!"

T. R. SULLIVAN.

### THE REVENGE OF A SOMBRE HORSE.

AT high noon yesterday a horse might have been seen moving spasmodically down Chatham Street in front of a bob-tail car. There was an air of witheriness about the horse. He looked mildewed and effete. His long and bulging legs moved with an irregular motion that suggested an internal mechanism of rusty wires, his off eye turned mutely heavenward, and his tail looked as though it had been blasted by a sudden sorrow. The middle of his back worked up and down with every step, accompanied by inverse motion of the head and tail.

His near eye was fixed with tender yearning on a small mound of sand that had been left near the track by the builders of the Brooklyn Bridge.

The driver was a small man with a battered eye, who wore an abandoned straw hat, and had a rope

tied around his waist. He glared grimly at the drivers of the other cars, and swore at the unfortunate horse with enthusiasm and ability. He belabored the beast with a whip, and jerked the reins with a rhythmical motion that was in exact accordance with the undulations of the horse's back and the inverse motion of his head and tail. The car was thus erratically jerked along. Amid the general commotion but one thing was steadfast and unswerving—the thoughtful, scheming gaze of the near eye on the mound of sand.

The sun shone coyly through the elevated road, limning the pavement with a glittering mosaic of light and shade, while the trains murmured softly in the air above. A gentle breeze stole up from Centre Street, black-eyed babes gamboled in the shade, and strong men were lured by olive-eyed matrons from the East, who queried sensually:

"Vy nodt py some pandts?"

It was a calm and peaceful scene.

Suddenly the horse ceased his complex motions, and stood erect—a sad and sombre thing. His good eye was riveted on the bank of sand, and he looked deep and mysterious. The driver scowled anxiously as the horse stopped, and then leaping craftily over the rail he went on tip-toe to the horse's head, drew back his hand, hit the steed a frightful whack on the nose, and yelled:

"Snayze, ye sassy divil, or Oi'll jump down yer throat! Snayze! Biff! Yerp! Bing! Snayze!"

He whacked the horse on the nostrils with absolute abandon, but the horse wouldn't sneeze. He seemed to regard the driver as a foolish, frivolous thing, beneath the notice of a horse with a fixed and definite purpose. Anon his ears twitched waggishly.

"Hoy!" yelled the driver, still whacking his faithful steed. "If the blaygard don't snaze, he'll go to slape, an' hivin an' airth can't wake him."

The horse drooped.

"Yerp there, you terrier, tak' that fur luck!"

The horse stopped.

"Howly bootjacks, he's—"

With a heaving snort, that had in it a note of warning to the reckless driver, the horse sank upon the mound of sand, and closed his near eye, while his tail was waved gently to and fro by the warm zephyrs of a perfect June day.

The driver absorbed half a package of tobacco, sat down on the horse's ribs, and revelled in profanity and grief. Meanwhile the cars began to block, and pedestrians gathered near. Then a policeman pushed through the crowd, and, after scowling sagaciously, hit the driver a brisk clip with his club, and said:

"Git out av that, y' blear-eyed tad! Lave the harse up."

"Don't talk ter me," said the driver sullenly. "I'm knocked silly, that's what I am—knocked silly."

"I'll knock you cold, y' Fenian outcast! Git up aff that harse!"

"Naw, I won't."

"Ye won't, hey?"

"Naw."

The next instant two men were rolling rapidly across

the track, yelling like Piutes, and presenting a general aspect of legs, clubs and hats. The crowd yelled with delight. At last the policeman got the driver under him in the gutter, and, after hammering him with his club with persistency and method, the member of the Finest gasped:

"Will yez git aff that harse?"

And the driver, though weak and somewhat bored, raised his voice with all his might, and screamed:

"Naw!"

Again the policeman fell upon him—at this point a close observer might have seen the abused and down-trodden car horse raise his head craftily, and fix his near eye upon the belabored driver with an expression of exultant satisfaction. Then he arose with a complex toggle-jointed movement, and stood meekly in front of his car, but the triumphant near eye still gloated over the unhappy driver, while his sorrowing tail waved joyously.

"Will yez git aff that harse?" cried the policeman a second time, as he jammed the driver up against the Court House. And the driver struggled painfully to his feet, and muttered:

"I'm no hog. I know when I get enough. I'm off."

Slowly he limped to his car, and, crawling aboard, took up the reins, and gently said:

"Gi' yerp."

The horse looked around at him slowly, rejoicingly, triumphantly, and then quivered with delight, from hoof to ears, while his near eye closed joyously. Then he threw his head in the air, and joyously ambled down town.

His wrongs had been avenged.

BLAKELY HALL.



A PAIR OF BLACK TIGHTS.





THE WILY FARMER IS AT HIS OLD TRICKS.

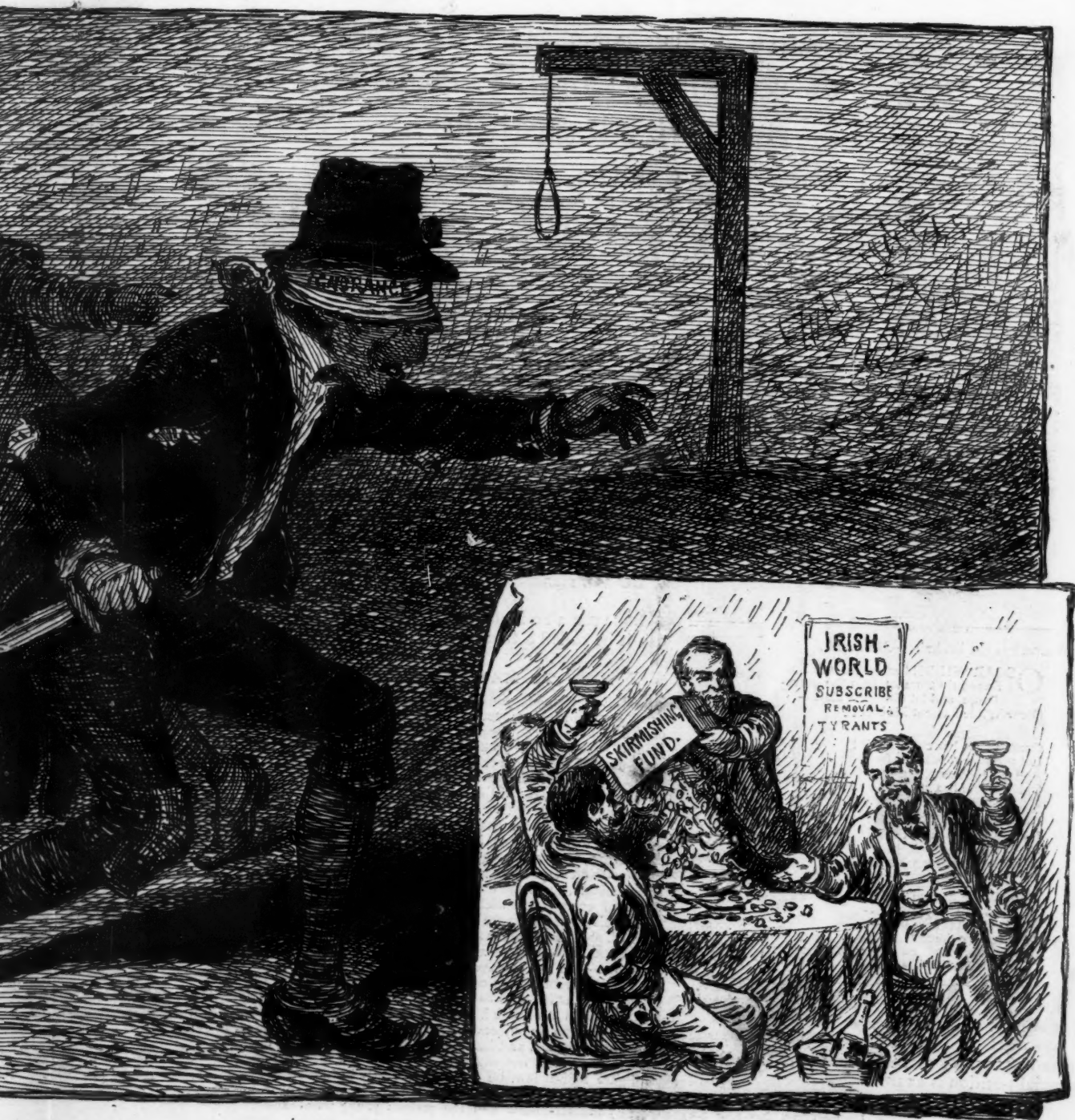


PATRIOT

THE PRINCIPAL FEASTS. T

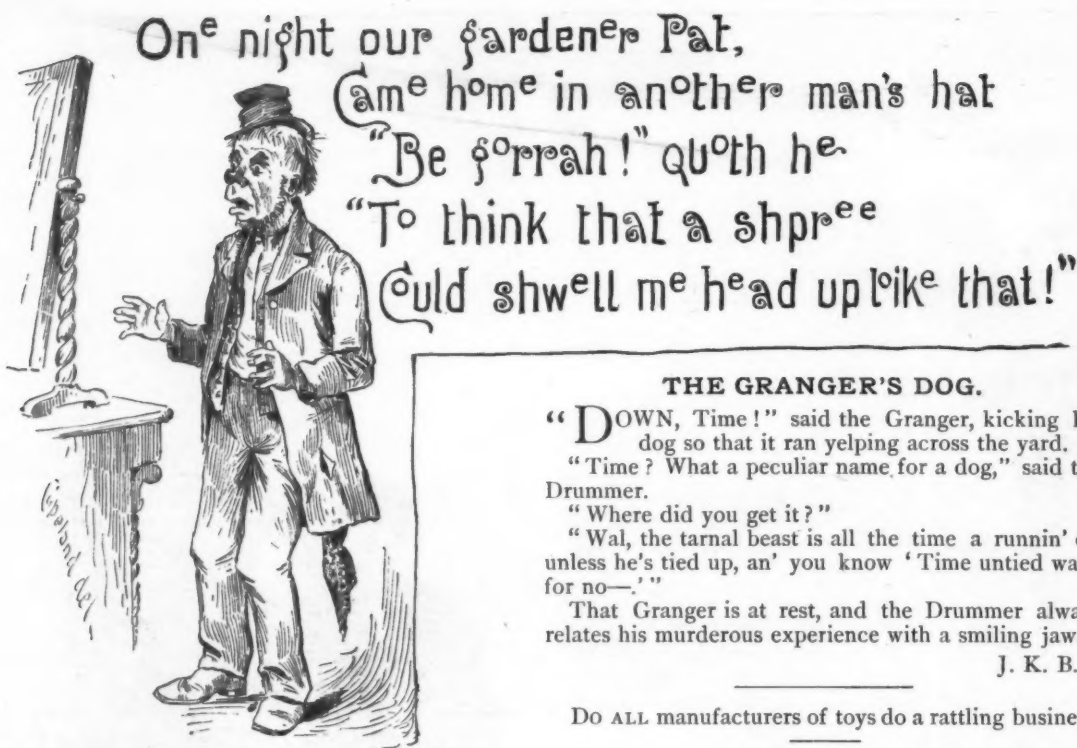


• LIFE •



PATRIOTISM.

ASTS. THE ACCOMPLICE PERISHES.



OSCAR WILDE has cut his hair.—*Mail and Express.*

OSCAR WILDE has cut his hair!  
Sound the trumpet, beat the snare—  
Drum, and let the bugle blare—  
Oscar Wilde has cut his hair!

Oscar Wilde has cut his hair!  
Let the joyous beacons flare,  
And the rockets pierce the air—  
Oscar Wilde has cut his hair!

Oscar Wilde has cut his hair!  
Let a yearning thrill the fair  
Æsthetes who a lock would wear—  
Oscar Wilde has cut his hair!

Oscar Wilde has cut his hair!  
And has bought an ordinar-  
Y pair of—that is, a pair—  
And creation doesn't care  
A single, oriental, continental or beaver's dam if he  
has cut his hair. *There, now!*

WALES thinks it about time Victoria Regina should  
rejine her Albert.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN's name is now in the Blue Book,  
and his social position is azured.

MR. ALEXIS CAMPBELL was locked up by the St.  
Louis police last Wednesday because, after nine sherry  
cobblers, he couldn't walk or stand straight. It was  
the last straw, you see, that broke the Campbell's back.

#### THE GRANGER'S DOG.

"DOWN, Time!" said the Granger, kicking his  
dog so that it ran yelping across the yard.

"Time? What a peculiar name for a dog," said the  
Drummer.

"Where did you get it?"

"Wal, the tarnal beast is all the time a runnin' off  
unless he's tied up, an' you know 'Time untied waits  
for no—'."

That Granger is at rest, and the Drummer always  
relates his murderous experience with a smiling jaw.

J. K. B.

DO ALL manufacturers of toys do a rattling business?

BECAUSE a 20 inch Krupp gun gets dirty when fired,  
can it be called a fouling piece?

#### HOW TO MAKE A MARSDEN PLAY.

TAKE a virtuous young gentleman, his haughty mother-in-  
law, and jealous young bride, a dying old lady, a will, a  
dose of laudanum, a gossiping nurse, and a wicked man-servant.  
Mix with an aspiring profligate heir-at-law, his rascally toady, a  
good-natured family lawyer, a suspicious artist, a bride. Flavor  
with an illustrator of a comic paper, a perfect jewel of a wife,  
with her mamma, the old nurse above-mentioned transformed to  
a gossiping housekeeper. Stir well together these ingredients,  
and serve up around a charming and innocent young lady—de-  
voted as a daughter, and cruelly suspected as a wife, who, with-  
out having done anything whatever to deserve such treatment,  
has to stand everybody's browbeating, take everybody's crimes on  
her shoulders, to be the object of everybody's suspicions, and the  
victim of every roud's wicked designs.

Let this young lady see her father, the lawyer, steal and burn  
the will, and learn that in so doing he has virtually murdered her  
friend and benefactress—and not tell it. Let her be accused of  
the crime—and not confess who did it. Let her escape and wander  
away, determined to commit suicide, and come across an æs-  
thetic young artist, who has tumbled thirty feet over a precipice.  
Let her fall in love with him, and be married—and not tell of it.  
Let her become an object of suspicion to this ungrateful man, be  
questioned, abused, and insulted—all but turned out of doors by  
her husband—and not say anything. Let her meet the aspiring  
profligate heir-at-law, be treated insolently by him—and not tell  
her husband. Let her be snubbed and tyrannized over by the  
haughty mother-in-law and the jealous young wife—and quietly  
endure it. Finally, let everybody forgive her, and let her forgive  
everybody, and, to conclude, let her be informed that she is some-  
body else's daughter, without any proof except the strawberry on  
her left arm.

POPULAR SCIENCE CATECHISM.

LESSON III.—The Druggist's Clerk.



**W**HAT is this?  
A druggist's clerk, darling.  
Is he not a druggist?  
No, dear.  
But he is putting up a prescription.  
Oh, no! he is not.  
What, then, is he doing?  
He is trying to put one up.  
Is he succeeding?  
He is very near success.  
How near?  
Well, the doctor's prescription calls for five grains of quinine in each dose.  
And what is the druggist's clerk doing?  
He is putting five grains of morphine in each dose.

Oh! But will not this hurt the poor patient?  
Not very much.  
But how much?  
It will kill him.  
My! But what a dreadful thing for the clerk!  
Not half so bad as for the patient.  
What will the poor druggist say when they arrest him for the murder?  
He will say his clerk put the prescription up.  
And what will the poor clerk say?  
He will say he was sleepy, and mistook the bottles.  
Why! are the bottles of morphine and quinine kept on the same shelf?  
Certainly.  
Then such mistakes are liable to occur at any time?  
They are, my precious.  
But why does not the poor druggist hire clerks who know the difference between quinine and morphine?  
Because he can hire a boy who does not know, for less money.  
Then we are in danger whenever we take the medicine the poor doctor orders?  
We are, darling.  
Can we do nothing to protect ourselves?  
Oh, Yes!  
What?  
We can throw the medicine out of the window.  
But is not the druggist or his clerk punished for killing innocent people in this way?  
No, dear.

Why?  
Because the over-zealous Coroner fills the jury with druggists and doctors, and they acquit both the druggist and his clerk.  
Oh! the druggists and doctors stand by each other?  
Every time.  
But when the poor druggist's clerk puts up such a dose by mistake, does he not really murder the poor patient?  
Oh, no, my pet.  
Why?  
Because the poor patient commits suicide by taking it.

C.



Digby, has been working hard at Italian all winter, and resolves to try a little on a newly arrived emigrant: PARLATE ITALIANO, SIGNOR?

Emigrant: ARRAH! NOW, WHAT ARE YE GIVIN' US?

THE song of the feline ariseth, and lo! bootjacks have wings.



## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**VICTORIA, Balmoral.**—1. No, we do not accept the crown for the wages you offer. 2. O'Donovan Rossa, to whom we referred your letter, agrees to your terms and promises not to oppose Albert's nomination.

**SAMMY, Greystone.**—1. Didn't you "come it" on Watterson good? Well, yes. 2. Yes, we will give you our heartiest support. 3. Yes, if you knocked out Sullivan in three rounds it *would* tend in considerable measure toward removing certain popular impressions concerning you.

**EDSON, City Hall.**—Yes, "The Family Circle" is a good name for your office.

**L. RUSSELL, London.**—No, the flags were not hung at half mast all over the city, nor was there crape on the door of the Casino.

**BENJAMIN B., Boston.**—1. We do not know how much it would cost to enroll your name among Fox's Martyrs. In his present extremity, Pope Leo would canonize you for a mere song. 2. If the churches insist on being christened after you, let them go ahead.

## THE SHEPHERD AND THE WAG.

A GREAT Wag having become engrossed with the immensity of a Deep Joke, wandered by chance into a Desert Place, where all was Bare and Dry. "The very place," said he, "to try my Jest." But on looking about he could find no one to afflict save a Lone Shepherd, seated under the boughs of a Ban-yan Tree, playing on a home-made Flute.—

"Why do you play here alone?" he asked the Rustic. "Because no one will listen to me elsewhere," was the reply.

"I am here for the same reason," remarked the Great Wag.

"Do you also play?" queried the Lone Shepherd.

"Yes, upon words!"

"Let us shake hands," said the Rustic. "I will discourse Music for you and do you discourse Wit for me; thus we shall always be sure of an Audience."

So the Shepherd drew from his flute sounds that moved the Wag to tears. "Beautiful and sad!" he said with moist eyes. "What was it?"

"A Contra-Dance!" replied the Rustic. "But let us have thy Wit."

Hereupon the Wag related his Deep Joke with becoming levity, and when he had finished the Shepherd said nothing, but with an effort at a smile, he drew aside his goat-skin cloak and rubbed his knuckles briskly on his bare Ribs.

"Are you cold?" asked the Great Wag.

"No, indeed!" replied the Lone Shepherd; "I am only tickling myself!"

## MORAL.

Genius never knows its Fellow.

W. W. KENT.

WHEN Johnny, at his auntie's,  
With the jelly doth commingle,  
They pat-a-cake his panties  
With a slipper or a shingle.

And so he calls them miners—  
The atrocious little devil!—  
Because they're Forty-niners,  
And they work the bottom-level!

C. F. L.

## THE RAKE'S PRO-GRESS;

OR,

## THE TRUE HIS-TO-RY OF TOM-MY THE CAT.

LIT-TLE TOM-MY was born of Mal-tese but musical pa-rents, and came into this world under most fa-vor-able cir-cum-stan-ces.

When on-ly four weeks old he had a nice blue ribbon tied a-round his neck, and was giv-en a ball of wor-sted to play with. The wick-ed poll par-rot en-vied him from a-far, and the sil-ly gold-fish wished they had been born Kit-tens. This is the way of the World. Dear child-ren, do not En-vy each oth-er.

Lit-tle Tom-my was fed on Cream, and pres-ent-ly he got too big for his Breech-es. At least this is what the oth-er Kit-tens said. One day, when his mis-tress was out of



THEY EN-VIED HIM.

the Room, Tom-my went fish-ing. This was very naugh-ty, but Tom-my said he did-n't care; it was fun-ny, an-y-how. Well, he climbed up on the ta-ble, and went for the en-vi-ous gold-fish.

It was Sun-day, and the good Sun-day school Books teach us we can Nev-er catch a-ny-thing on Sun-day. But Tom-my said this was all Fol-da-ree, and that he'd Bet he'd catch some-thing.



HE WENT FISH-ING.

He caught what some strong-minded peo-ple call

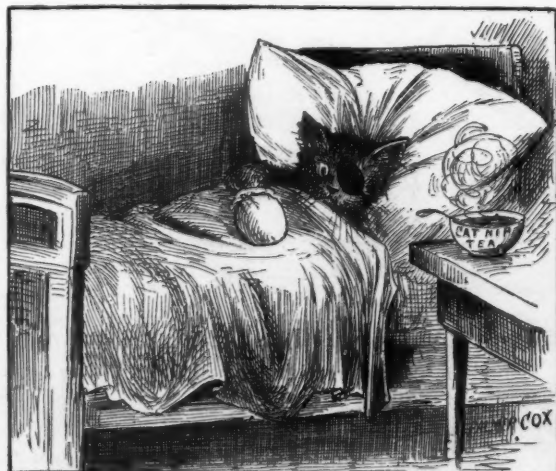
Hades, and the sad re-sult was that Tom-my was laid up for a week.

You see, my good lit-tle read-ers, it does not do to be Wick-ed and get found Out.



HE CAUGHT SOMETHING.

Af-ter Tom-my got Well, he was'n't so hand-some a Kit-ten as he was be-fore, but he knew more. *Ex-pe-ri-en-ti-a do-cet*, and he had a pret-ty good dose. Un-for-tun-ate-ly he ran a-away from home as soon as he got well.



LAI D UP.

This e-vil step soon brought its pun-ish-ment. Tom-my could-n't catch rats, and so he had to steal.



HE WENT TO STEAL A PIECE OF MEAT.

Now this was ve-ry wick-ed, for Tom-my was al-most sure to be found out. Lit-tle chil-dren, when you are tem-pted to Steal, al-ways be cer-tain, that you can-not be Found out. Do as the pi-ous po-li-ti-cians



HE LEFT A PIECE OF MEAT.

do, and don't get as-cer-tain-ed. Well, Tom-my went in-to a but-cher's shop to steal a mut-ton chop, but just as he was a-bout to steal it the but-cher turned A-round, and then Tom-my sud-den-ly rem-em-bered what the Good Book says, and his con-science whis-pered him to go Home as quickly as he could. He did so, and left the

piece of Meat be-hind. Little children, when you are temp-ted, do as Tom-my did.

The next ex-per-i-ence of Tom-my was an at-tempt to bur-glar-ize a house.

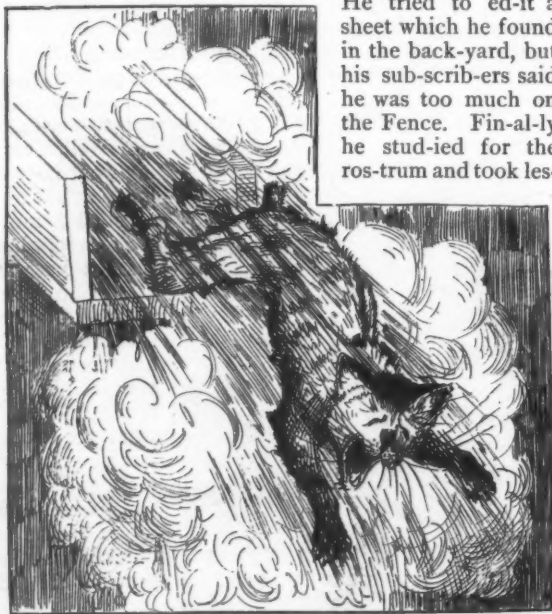
He det-er-mined to enter a house by way of the kit-chen drain. His pi-ous com-pan-i-ons tried to dis-suade him, because they were a-fraid he would eat up

All there was in the Pan-try. But Tommy said that be-ing good did not Pay, and so he Grinned in his sin-ful manner, and dis-ap-peared up the drain.

He was not gone long, for his con-science a-gain Smote him, as it had done on the pre-vi-ous oc-cas-ion, and Tom-my came out with-out having stolen an-y-thing.

Lit-tle chil-dren, it is a great bles-sing to be a-ble to with-stand temp-tation as Tom-my did. Al-ways come a-way, if you are in the same Cir-cum-stances.

Well, lit-tle Tom-my fin-al-ly be-came a great Cat, and had ma-n-y more Ex-pe-ri-en-ces which were of an ex-ci-ting na-ture. He tried to ed-it a sheet which he found in the back-yard, but his sub-scrib-ers said he was too much on the Fence. Fin-al-ly he stud-ied for the ros-trum and took les-



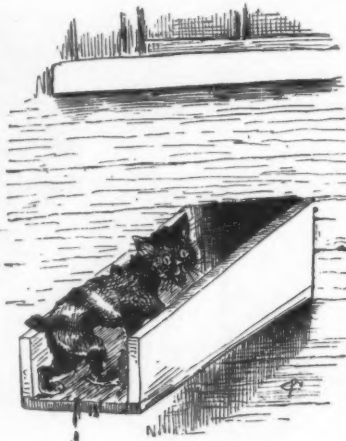
HIS CON-SCI-ENCE SMOTE HIM AND HE LEFT.

sons of Pro-fes-sor John L. Sul-li-van of Boston. His ar-gu-ments were very Con-vin-cing, and So beau-ti-ful was his or-a-to-ry that num-bers of peo-ple used to stay a-wake all night to hear him, and would make him

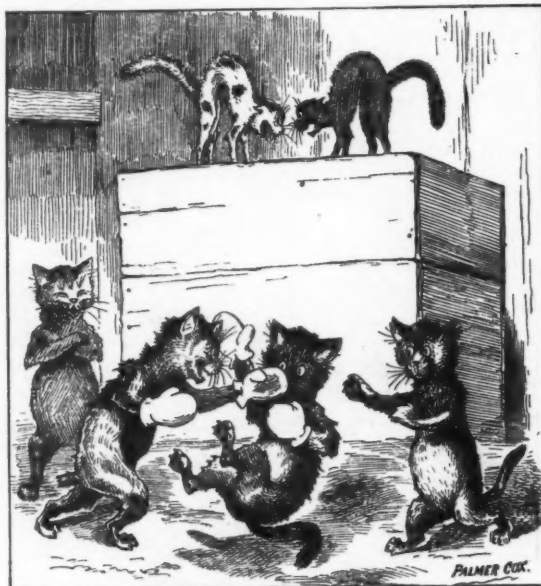
presents of shoes, boot-jacks and croc-ker-y fixings with-out number.

Dear chil-dren, if you wish to be honored in this world, i-mi-tate Prof-ess-or Sul-li-van, as Tom-my did.

Bos-ton is the on-ly ci-ty whose ap-pro-val is



HE WOULD GO.



THE SUL-LI-VAN OF THE BACK YARD.

worth any-thing. If you do not be-lieve this, ask Rev-er-end Mr. But-ler. But what-ev-er you do, do not put your des-tin-y in a bar'l. This ru-ined Tom-my, and may ru-in Mr. Til-den.



THE END.

C.

AT LAST HE HAS CLUMB FROM OUT THIS HEATHEN CLIME.

SMALL Willie's gone to heaven  
(Willie, Willie, Waly),

Buried by Doctor B-v-n  
(Poor Billie).

We bought a nice white coffin—  
'Twas that that he went off in.

Alas he was an orphan  
(William Jones).



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**NOTES AND EXTRACTS.**

"Render unto Scissors those things which are Scissors."  
—[St. Paul to the Fenians. IV., II, 44.]

MUCH of the stuff that is sold for pique should be marked p. k.—poor quality.—*Boston Transcript.*

DID you ever notice how suddenly a timid woman who is humming an operatic air will switch off on to a religious hymn when a storm comes up and she hears the first clap of thunder?—*Norristown Herald.*

"I DON'T object to codfish as an occasional luxury," remarked Mr. Oldboarder, at breakfast, "but for a steady feed its salttogether too briny for my blood." But the landlord told him he was too fresh.—*Hawkeye.*

THE decorator of Jay Gould's yacht asked him for a design to ornament one of the panels of the craft, and his son George suggested a "bull and bear." A "shorn lamb" would be more appropriate, since the fleece of its kind pays the bill.—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

NINE men near Quebec sat down to divide a keg of powder, and the Middletown *Transcript* is responsible for the remainder of the story: One of them lit a pipe, and then the powder got up and divided the nine men. None of them were killed, but they were all terribly discouraged.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

HIT HIM.—Old Gentleman (to wood-dealer): Mr. Sullivan, I find, on measuring up that twenty cords of wood I ordered, that there are only nineteen. I always took you for an honest man. Now, how do you account for it? Dealer: Don't know, sir. It was all there when it left the yard. Can't have gone astray in any way. Old G.: Dropped out on the road, probably. Well, I suppose there's no help for it, so we'll just speak of it as Sullivan's Lost Cord.—*Grip.*

"I AM an agnostic!" remarked a young man in swelling accents. "And an agnostic is what?" inquired an elderly gentleman. "An agnostic," replied the fresh youth, in a manner expressive of his pity for his interlocutor's ignorance, "an agnostic is a fellow, you know, who isn't sure of anything." "I see," replied the old gentleman; "but how does it happen that you are sure you are an agnostic."—*Boston Transcript.*

"MAMA," said a little Covington boy, "what does 'heluffa' mean?"

"Why, my child, I don't know. I never heard such a word. Where did you hear it?"

"Papa said it."

"When?"

"Sunday morning. I heard him tell Mr. Jones that church was a heluffa place to go when the fishing was so fine."—*The Drummer.*

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